

THE HAWAIIAN GAZETTE

PUBLISHED
BY HENRY M. WHITNEY

Every Wednesday Morning,
AT FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Foreign Subscribers, \$1.00 to \$10.00.
Which includes postage paid.

OFFICE.—In the new Post Office Building
Merchant Street, Honolulu, H. I.

Marriage Hymn.

George Eliza Montgomery has written a "Marriage Song" which we publish as appropriate to the season; we would most sincerely hope that all marriages might realize to the full, the wisdom of the Postman's hymn.

Sweet to the eyes that pleasure—
Above your prints of love,

Sweet to the touch and glories;

Sweet to the dear old story,

All love, true love, forever,

Sweet, those two loves from shore,

those two sweet noddings,

In the soft smile divine,

That binds two souls together,

Those hearts through sunny weather,

And through the falling darkness,

Truth's mystery at thine.

Dear, sweet, those two loves,

What more do I need?

Day's radiance, night's cover,

The sweetest birth of loves,

Life's brightest bloom,

Where each soul has learned to trust,

It gives those two loves,

The union here for thee,

No love is truer to thee;

True love is love whose wonder

Gives birth to the ages,

Everlasting to its prime.

Alas! who are we, traveling—

Where other souls have trod—

Look to the deeper teacher,

Of life he speaks, the teaching,

Look to the love within,

That binds us in love and gladness,

Truth's mystery at thine.

Sweet to the eyes that pleasure—

Above your prints of love,

Sweet to the touch and glories;

Sweet to the dear old story,

All love, true love, forever,

Sweet, those two loves from shore,

those two sweet noddings,

In the soft smile divine,

That binds two souls together,

Those hearts through sunny weather,

And through the falling darkness,

Truth's mystery at thine.

Dear, sweet, those two loves,

What more do I need?

Day's radiance, night's cover,

The sweetest birth of loves,

Life's brightest bloom,

Where each soul has learned to trust,

It gives those two loves,

The union here for thee,

No love is truer to thee;

True love is love whose wonder

Gives birth to the ages,

Everlasting to its prime.

Alas! who are we, traveling—

Where other souls have trod—

Look to the deeper teacher,

Of life he speaks, the teaching,

Look to the love within,

That binds us in love and gladness,

Truth's mystery at thine.

Sweet to the eyes that pleasure—

Above your prints of love,

Sweet to the touch and glories;

Sweet to the dear old story,

All love, true love, forever,

Sweet, those two loves from shore,

those two sweet noddings,

In the soft smile divine,

That binds two souls together,

Those hearts through sunny weather,

And through the falling darkness,

Truth's mystery at thine.

Dear, sweet, those two loves,

What more do I need?

Day's radiance, night's cover,

The sweetest birth of loves,

Life's brightest bloom,

Where each soul has learned to trust,

It gives those two loves,

The union here for thee,

No love is truer to thee;

True love is love whose wonder

Gives birth to the ages,

Everlasting to its prime.

Alas! who are we, traveling—

Where other souls have trod—

Look to the deeper teacher,

Of life he speaks, the teaching,

Look to the love within,

That binds us in love and gladness,

Truth's mystery at thine.

Alas! who are we, traveling—

Where other souls have trod—

Look to the deeper teacher,

Of life he speaks, the teaching,

Look to the love within,

That binds us in love and gladness,

Truth's mystery at thine.

Alas! who are we, traveling—

Where other souls have trod—

Look to the deeper teacher,

Of life he speaks, the teaching,

Look to the love within,

That binds us in love and gladness,

Truth's mystery at thine.

Alas! who are we, traveling—

Where other souls have trod—

Look to the deeper teacher,

Of life he speaks, the teaching,

Look to the love within,

That binds us in love and gladness,

Truth's mystery at thine.

Alas! who are we, traveling—

Where other souls have trod—

Look to the deeper teacher,

Of life he speaks, the teaching,

Look to the love within,

That binds us in love and gladness,

Truth's mystery at thine.

Alas! who are we, traveling—

Where other souls have trod—

Look to the deeper teacher,

Of life he speaks, the teaching,

Look to the love within,

That binds us in love and gladness,

Truth's mystery at thine.

Alas! who are we, traveling—

Where other souls have trod—

Look to the deeper teacher,

Of life he speaks, the teaching,

Look to the love within,

That binds us in love and gladness,

Truth's mystery at thine.

Alas! who are we, traveling—

Where other souls have trod—

Look to the deeper teacher,

Of life he speaks, the teaching,

Look to the love within,

That binds us in love and gladness,

Truth's mystery at thine.

Alas! who are we, traveling—

Where other souls have trod—

Look to the deeper teacher,

Of life he speaks, the teaching,

Look to the love within,

That binds us in love and gladness,

Truth's mystery at thine.

Alas! who are we, traveling—

Where other souls have trod—

Look to the deeper teacher,

Of life he speaks, the teaching,

Look to the love within,

That binds us in love and gladness,

Truth's mystery at thine.

Alas! who are we, traveling—

Where other souls have trod—

Look to the deeper teacher,

Of life he speaks, the teaching,

Look to the love within,

That binds us in love and gladness,

Truth's mystery at thine.

Alas! who are we, traveling—

Where other souls have trod—

Look to the deeper teacher,

Of life he speaks, the teaching,

Look to the love within,

That binds us in love and gladness,

Truth's mystery at thine.

Alas! who are we, traveling—

Where other souls have trod—

Look to the deeper teacher,

Of life he speaks, the teaching,

Look to the love within,

That binds us in love and gladness,

Truth's mystery at thine.

Alas! who are we, traveling—

Where other souls have trod—

Look to the deeper teacher,

Of life he speaks, the teaching,

Look to the love within,

That binds us in love and gladness,

Truth's mystery at thine.

Alas! who are we, traveling—